

WAR TIME LIFE IN FRENCH CAPITAL PICTURED

PARIS, CALM, WAITS FOR NEWS OF BATTLE

Official Information Slight, but People Make No Complaint.

AMERICANS SATISFIED

Those Who Remained in Capital Wonder What Became of Those Who Fled.

By WILL J. GUARD.
Of the Staff of the Metropolitan Opera House.

Paris, Aug. 24.—Last Saturday I mailed THE SUN some random notes in which I tried hastily to give you some impressions of the life of Paris during the opening week of the war. Where those letters—there were two envelopes—were is something to wonder over. They went in the mail to Havre presumably to catch the French liner France, whose sailing had been postponed from day to day.

Hundreds of Americans, believing they could get home more readily that way, rushed to Havre Monday, Aug. 3, leaving all the baggage behind them excepting what they could carry by hand. As far as we in Paris know, they are in Havre still, living on the steamships. Those who have first or second cabin accommodations have nothing to complain of. We can only hope that the nice people who were compelled to take steerage quarters do not lack consideration. As for the mail sacks that went from Paris to the Havre, it is just possible that they reached Southampton and were placed on the American liner which sailed Aug. 5 and should be sighting Sandy Hook as I write. Meanwhile we wonder what day our friends to whom we bade "bon voyage" over a week ago as they hustled off to the Havre trains will get out to sea, whether the France and Chicago will sail at all and what will become of them all if the vessels remain in port indefinitely.

Paris Surprisingly Normal.

Paris is surprisingly normal in aspect today. Yesterday the police authorities permitted the cafes to put the little tables and chairs on the sidewalks in front of their establishments. They may remain there till 8 in the evening. The sidewalks which had been stopping at 7:30 P. M. now run till 9 P. M. The wives and daughters of the gaitmen gone to the front have taken their places, the automobiles have not returned, but now we are told, the Government will let us have them back from the "front" and we shall be less isolated from our friends in distant quarters of the city. However, very few shops are open except grocery and provision shops, which are run by boys, women and elderly men. One by one the big hotels are being transformed into hospitals. Monsieur Alfred Roussel, a splendid type of the philanthropic Frenchman who has devoted thirty years of his life to hospital organizations and who is an important factor in the activities of the Red Cross, took me through the Hotel Maurice this morning and showed me what he had done with that establishment in the short space of three days.

"Two days more," said he, "and it will be complete as any hospital need be."

The hotel had been almost stripped bare—at least not a bit of carpet or unnecessary furniture remain. It has been put in sanitary condition from top to bottom. One hundred beds, two or three to a room, are already waiting sick soldiers with a corps of doctors, pharmacists, nurses, orderlies and all the other necessary attendants are prepared for action. This is only an example of what is going on all over Paris. The Government, by the way, emphasizes the announcement that the wounded will not be brought to Paris—only the sick.

Paris Calm in Crisis.

I tried to describe in my former letter the spirit of calm resolution with which the French people of every grade of social life faced the crisis. To-day it seems calmer than ever. Rumors come to Paris of excitement in Berlin during the opening days of the war. Whether these rumors are true or not we in Paris have no means of knowing, as the only news we get about the war are the three daily communications to the press of the Minister of War. So far we have not had the least unusual excitement. To-day there is a feeling of anxiety in the air. Very little news has been given out for twenty-four hours. We are told that the French troops "are in contact with the enemy all along the line." We know that something big, something very serious, is going on or about to go on, but what it is is left to the imagination.

Just what happened in Upper Alsace we don't quite know, nor do we know all the facts about Liege. We know many English troops are on the Continent, but where they are or what they are doing is a mystery. Credit must be given to the Government for the care it is taking in preventing the spread of news which if known to the enemy might upset all the plans of the French as was the case in 1870.

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However, for those who have enough money to be able to live economically, you can do it very decently for 19 francs a day—Paris is a very comfortable place even on the tenth day of war—plenty of everything to eat! Fruit never was cheaper. Nice fresh vegetables: I see them passing my hotel window loaded on huge two-wheeled carts, dozens and dozens of them, every morning about 3 o'clock going to the Halles, the great central market of Paris. And as I turn away I say to myself:

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As regards the subject of food, it would have surprised many Americans who have enjoyed an afternoon's sport at the beautiful race course of Auteuil to have driven through the almost deserted Bois yesterday afternoon and seen a great herd of cattle peacefully grazing on the sward. Later in the evening an immense flock of sheep crossed the Place de la Concorde and proceeded along the Rue de Rivoli, their destination being the Eastern Railroad station, thence to the troops.

Army Well Nourished.

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AMERICAN SHIP IS HELD UP.

British Cruiser Lets Rio Grande Go When Colors Are Shown.

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Wireless reports reached this city yesterday telling of the holding up of the steamship Rio Grande off Cape May yesterday morning by a British cruiser. The Rio Grande, a small steamer, was en route to New York when it was intercepted and demanded that the Rio Grande show her colors. When the American flag was hoisted and assurances given that she was an American ship she was permitted to keep her course.

Just what happened in Upper Alsace we don't quite know, nor do we know all the facts about Liege. We know many English troops are on the Continent, but where they are or what they are doing is a mystery. Credit must be given to the Government for the care it is taking in preventing the spread of news which if known to the enemy might upset all the plans of the French as was the case in 1870.

You will see then in what a state of obscurity we are living in Paris. The thousands of Americans here, however, have quite recovered from the scruple into which the order of mobilization seemed to throw them ten days ago. Those who couldn't get away then and who envied those who succeeded in reaching Havre or Boulogne or even London (where they are now) are said to be still marooned; they are in Paris rather than any other big city of Europe. Heaven knows how the Americans bottled up in Germany and Austria are feeling! So far all efforts to communicate with Carlsbad, for example, have failed. Here Americans are treated with the greatest kindness. The hotels and boarding houses still open don't press them for their bills—are willing to take so much on account and trust them for the balance.

Matters have so adjusted themselves that Americans with letters of credit or travelers' checks (other than those is-

sued by German steamship companies) can be turned into French money. Those who are less fortunate in having their funds exhausted are being looked after by the committee of which Judge Gary of the Steel Corporation is the head. Some time or other the American warships will arrive with all that gold we are told is being sent to aid needy Americans in their efforts to get home! But to those who are awaiting it the time seems awfully long and the things that are being said about our State Department in Washington are not fit for THE SUN to print! Your readers will hear them all by word of mouth from their friends when they reach New York.

However, for those who have enough money to be able to live economically, you can do it very decently for 19 francs a day—Paris is a very comfortable place even on the tenth day of war—plenty of everything to eat! Fruit never was cheaper. Nice fresh vegetables: I see them passing my hotel window loaded on huge two-wheeled carts, dozens and dozens of them, every morning about 3 o'clock going to the Halles, the great central market of Paris. And as I turn away I say to myself:

"No, we won't be hungry to-day as long as we can enjoy boiled cabbage or stewed carrots!"

But no more fancy bread! The police stopped that. No more of those delicious croissants and crisp rolls that we enjoy so much with our early morning coffee. The making of them means waste of flour, butter and milk. The only bread to be had is just common ordinary bread—incidentally the numberless afternoon tea places are all closed. Butter is somewhat scarce because there is shortage of hands to make it—milk is plentiful.

The chief concern of the Government as regards the food supply of France is to get the crops harvested. Unemployed youths and prisoners of war are likely to be sent to the country to gather the grain and later the grapes. It is said that the grain and grape crops this year should be worth nearly \$2,000,000,000. Germany, it is said, has to import \$2,000,000,000 of foodstuffs daily to help feed its population.

As regards the subject of food, it would have surprised many Americans who have enjoyed an afternoon's sport at the beautiful race course of Auteuil to have driven through the almost deserted Bois yesterday afternoon and seen a great herd of cattle peacefully grazing on the sward. Later in the evening an immense flock of sheep crossed the Place de la Concorde and proceeded along the Rue de Rivoli, their destination being the Eastern Railroad station, thence to